

The Sad Tale of Creation Reborn: Foundation of
Constant News; the House of the Lost

by

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Order of The Multiphase Multiverse Interceptor /
Inventor

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“His mother forsaken as she searches for her son,
growing lost in the wildernesses of darkness, the
recesses of the mind of a child.”

The Hidden Hand of Time, Amon, Times Shadow after The metaphorical
attempts of Philosophy to console himself of his friend Creation, friend to all
and love of none. His decision to Philosophically be put to Death in thought, and
ironically the meeting of Time in the first instance of Philosophy.

The Speech of Philosophise in the Beginning *on corruption of the self in the first instance*

Race and Rebellion join to entreat with Language Global.

They Question, being an Action,
their Question of Philosophise begins a series;
of Reasoning Enquiry and Logical Processes debate ensues,
causing Philosophise to reassess his life.

“Shalt thou, Most High, Benevolence in the Highest
of all echelons of this quarter, shalt thou kill?
Whether it be in name and word or in Action Most High?
To kill is an Act, Sanctified by Divine Right of Rule,
Reason show me, Guide my Thoughts as Ideal.

Ideal being of the Quantum Ideal,
these Legal Documents of which my profession,
Solicitor General, must accept fault.
Ariel, Daughter of Architecture Modern,
Daughter of Religion of whom we shall call ÆÖÇÖr in the posterior,
of whom, in this reserved as of the ancients;
the forsaken alike, she is inconsolable,
for the loss of her Son.
Her Rule as Right Divine in this single moment.

Of which Time Existent has stopped the turning of worlds,
the flow of Ocean and Tributary,
for all bar the sands of this, every Time,
he wishes to save from the *Destruction to be* in the End.
And what of the War at the End?

This war, for which we have learnt the Sermons of Struggle
of the House Strife.
In this singular moment,
this instantaneous Coalescence and Convergence,
of Whom, Knowledge has been loosed as with the Beginning.

His Honour, in Service.
And so I ask Again as the repetitive process of Construction,
which begins to falter;
falling at the heels of Mankind,
of whom resides on the surface of this very Matter.

The very space we each day watch.

We each day, watch and wait for his return,
yet Time Incorporeal, he remains inconsolable and exiled,
residing in a world of Light and Reasoned servitude
to our ÆÖÇÖr in Exile.” the man walks around table.

Observes light and prepares to raise his children for the day.
A feast has been organised to commemorate,
these active Processes and Constructs of Routine.
Habit whose residence in memory of Mankind.
All guests from everywhere, not realms or lands but of Realty.

Realty which is the Land of Corporeal Time Absolute,
in which there is no place Time cannot Reach,
save for the very Beginning as with the last Iota.
“Nay, this is the corruption of Philosophise,
he protests with fearful eye and ear and mouth pointing towards Clock.

I curse the day, in this instant, I curse the day.
My children have no food, they eat piecemeal.
By the hour no less, consuming the Dust and Matter of Space.
They cannot work, they cannot feed themselves,
yet they would dash and tarry around the Temporal Stream.

They would disgrace my House with fleeting gestures
Choral Song on this day.”
He stops and muses on the meaning of Life over Death,
and then returns to his diatribe;
after spotting the Hand of the King Incorporeal, Amon, Shadow of Time.

“Yet a bounty on his head? Shall I kill? For he was said to be presumed,
yet, shalt I kill again in Thought as with Meaning?”
he prepares to leave the house of the subjection,
of Construct Constance, once known as Peace.
It is in this moment, in this instant that he comes across a note.

“On this, my floor where does not reside this note,
a note of the seal of Regal Hand Time.” mockingly he reads.
“His presence is felt as with the smell of Time Old.
Time Old, whom I forget the name,
in Excellence most accursed.

A curse on this House of yours old man Incarcerated.”
he turns and then hears the words.
“Philosophise, my friend. Weary friend of mine.

You have been my Counsel of bygone periodicity.
I now, more than any other epoch of my fathers name.

Echelon swear, I am Time once Incorporeal,
I require your assistance in an affair of State.”
Time’s voice booms without emanation from source.
Philosophise replies to the ÆÖÇÖr apparent in Counsel;
his request to speak freely.

“ÆÖÇÖr what news of your son, Mankind?”
Philosophise asks the ÆÖÇÖr apparent.
“None, other than that which Amon,
Hand of Time prepares from Veil,
border of the Shadows, Land of Life and Death.

I require your service if you do believeth,
this, in the urgency of my visit but once to all Populii General,
for the need to protect all from the Fall of Civilisation.
Civilisation, of whom the Chorus Orchestral does not sing,
of the Joy of Life, from the Book of Books.”

Time explains with rapidity,
changing his pace as he speaks frequently.
With every Instance of his speeding and slowing in rate of Speech,
manifest as Language,
he begins to phase in and out of reality as though a hologram.

Shimmering as of Eternal Star,
made of photonic shards Luminosity,
painted on the essence of the fabric of space and time,
as though written on the very air they are composed of,
subatomic in periodicity.

His Freedom in the beginning, his painful Honour,
as with the End and eventual Failure of Service.
Time continues;
“War is the Fall of Man, in some periodicity there is a sign,
a symbol of the Fall of Mankind.

My Son, for Whom I cast from this place to his own domain,
in order to make him a Ruler as with the Ancients.
I, who ultimate Judgement rests,
I am to blame for the Fall of Civilisation.
For this, the Failure as Process of Humanity known as Mankind.

There is something coming,
it is a Flood awash with all manner of Society and Culture,
History has heard nothing of the sort in perpetuity.
War is the Fall of Man.”
distraught he prepares to depart and consoles himself in Private.

Philosophise returns to his communication,
a Thought unto his own consolation Private.
*“Time has visited me on this day, he lives;
rejoice for Choral Song on this day has followed him.
She remains. For he was said to be presumed, yet, shall I kill!”.*

He exclaims, putting down the blade,
He holds with a view to causing harm unto himself.
“Still here I stand, before the Incorporeal Weakened in Stature.
Weakened by the heavy tome of his Fates.
Prehistory was he at his strongest.

Always making more for his daughter,
such as a pet of tree and of blade of grass.
Over time he watched them grow, together.
He saw them rise towards the solar entity,
we once worshipped, his mask; and carries, even now Lanterns.

Procession of House Religion, Faith and Hope,
both of whom are Saved as opposed to Lost. *A gift?”*
“What of thee my dead? Seeest now, my dead?”
He speaks to former instances of the multiverse,
normality, in which his past selves reside, communing with ghosts.

“With whom, once well pleased was I?
But now the Temple by Temporal Stream,
the Hand of Time is shadowed by a convolution;
of Construct Old.
He is betrayed and a Ruse is pronounced.”

Philosophise pauses and picks at a piece of Technology,
once provided as a gift by the ÆÖÇÖr for service as Counsel.
“A heresy..” he begins to calm,
as the same dream now turned to reality, fashioned of the weavers voice.

Known as Time, still Existent in all thing,
he repeats but with Conviction of the Idea,

now becoming steadfast in meaning.

“A heresy!” Philosophise repeats; as he looks at the Clock.

“This, our Most Incorporeal Time was shown by Engineering.

Engineering in the Beginning.

But as Time did change, this world, our world did not wake.”

he walks solemnly, thinks for all of a second,

aware that Time halted the Progression of so many,

including his son Momentum for the sake of a War yet to be.

“Philosophise..” Philosophise steadies, the constant student.

“I begetteth my former betrothed..” he mimics.

“for in her alone am I pleased,

but for this Transference of a Power ,

I cannot continue.” he thinks aloud of his Wife.

Turns his thoughts to how he is to progress.

“She wishes me bide different, to change,

yet the heart wrestles for I am torn between this veil

of Life not Death.” his voice mellows and saddens.

“ for Infirmary of Age Blessed. Forgive me, in the Superior”.

Appreciation for Generalised Relativism, in a Non-Relational Quasi-Relative Universe

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

The Builders Subjugated by Ethics, Morality and Justice;
Religious Ancients Lost,
Searching for Religion and Mankind (Lost).

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

Where rests the Watch and the Night Watch;
The Sundial, Birth of stars in the first instance,
The Forge of a Star Eternal.

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

Philosophy and Questioning held to ransom,
By corrupted Reasoning and Logic,
The Court Celestii and Judgement in the first Instance.

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

Damnation is courted by envy for Dead Creation;
Who rests, her Power depleted, consumed by Judgement,
Judgement by Reason and Logic in the first Instance.

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

The Creation of the Synthetic Analogous,
The Court Celestii and Judgement in the first instance;
retold in the first to the fourth instance.

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

Mandate of Consumerism,
Creator of the Rights and Freedoms modern,
of Politicisation.

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

Science finds Religion, trapped and broken,
Lost and crying, at great cost to her son who is Lost.
The treachery of Engineering.

The Hourglass; Keeper of Time Imprisoned,

The Foundry of Warfare at the home of War.
Sundial, Birth of the Stars in the Second Instance;
The Forge of a star, incomplete, leads to the shroud of Darkness.

The Romanesque Warrior of Clan Peace

Armour of the Seeker; in the Book of Peace,
this is the soldier of Time Incorporeal;
the attitudes attacked by the temptation of The Moods,
Arrogance and Ego deposed from House Emotion.

The Destruction of House Emotion by Terror.
The Angers seek a flame of the swordsmen,
The army of the Wrath Divine.

Frustration at the Loss of the Virtues (II),
reading from the Book of Grovelling, again;
Scorn in the time of Peace,
The Romanesque Warrior stands in doorway.

Scorn in the time of War,
Divinium: A solution to the Ancients Corrupt,
The armour of the Age.

Separation of the Clocks begins in the first age,
The Age saved from Desolation by the sword of Civilisation Corrupt.
Followed by the sword of Destruction,
Insanity Deconstructed;
Constructual Infirmary confirmed,
as Ancient Operation.

Division of Labour and Trade through Market Capitalisation

The Eyes of the Diviner; leaders of the Freedoms,
Forever and Eternity protect,
the Capitals of Civilisation as manifest in Mankind.

The Final Judgement of All men Beloved.
The many children of Religion,
Construct Ideology – Homes of the Populii General;
Mankind meets the Transference of Salvation.
Projection as a Clock Chieftain,
Architecture Gothic the antecedent and progenitor of War.

Experience, Memory and Thought; Ideas Construction,
Builders, Ideas of the House of Construct;
The Capitals: Leaders of Politicisation,
Utopia is cross examined by Counsel.
The Capitals: Morality misled by Mankind,
the first instance as Introduction of the two Clocks;
The Capitals: Temptation as Diviner of All Men,
The Peace and Mankind in the first instance;
The First Men aid Respect.

The Capitals: The two clocks of Race and Language.

Coalescence as a theorem Unification of Convergence

Thus this is the Book of War,
The armour of the Seeker,
Time, Corporeal shackled and Imprisoned.
The first Age is a tale of the Creation of Star,
Servant of life, the First Men.

Obsidian 23 and the First Men,
Remembrance of star; the Keeper,
of the blackened Isle.

Obsidian 23 and the Masquerade,
Funeral of the Balance Equilibrii.

Obsidian 23 and the fall Orchestral of Chorus,
The Distress of Civilisation;
Creator of Industry.
Foundation of the choirs Obsidian;
Founder of Culture as Executioner of Judge Most High.

The Temporal Stream,
The consumption of Light,
Mankind as a poison.
House of the Supreme Magistrate,
The consumption of Radiation by Mankind's desire.

By Day and by Night,
The Clocks of Time,
A mirror reflects the Armour of the Seeker;
Thus, Time mobilises.

Notes

In this Volume:

Interpretation of the story so far.

Due to the more complex diction, please feel free to found a dictionary of your own using the metaphors, symbols and ideas or ideology that is promoted as a synthesis of narrative and form in this question of the meaning of life and love. Art and culture, which are just words, are meaningless unless you put them into contextual analyses with a well reasoned argument or brainchild such as a structured thought through the window of a thinking mind, the consistent philosophy of the enslavement and banishment of Mankind.

The death of Creation and The virtues

Creations silent rebirth is a whimsical thought as she, the character who commuted to suicide, via the land beyond the Veil of Life and Death, which is the doorway through the multiverse; humanities invention, The Mirror, which allows travel to any dimension at any point in space and time. Due to an unrelenting and bullish nature from one of her comrades, guilty at the cost to the life of another human being; i.e. she is coerced into making Mankind fall in love with Love by Architecture Gothic, a friend to Love and Noble of the Virtuous House, Religion, Mother Most Superior. Upon providing Mankind with a gift of sorts, he is then cursed even further beyond the non-linear time-line both in between the lines of verses and equally in amongst alternative versions of poems. (if it is difficult to understand, please remember that they are meant for the amusement of the reader as opposed to as a cerebral challenge to the senses).

In writing this book, it has been more than a battle to challenge emotional dependence and ignorance with regards to the harder ideas of Life and death and the amalgamation of the synthesis between waking and apparently sleeping (Dreaming, in which the mind wonders to that point in space and time that is neither tangible, nor anything more than the metaphorical infrastructure that allows healthy minds to grow and to analyse the very nature of the reality we each exhibit.

Creation being the true love of Mankind, but who is forsaken in her attempts to capture what was their lost youth is perhaps unawares as to the love triangle she exists in, with Love as a character showering her idea of Love towards Mankind through a broken mirror shard; the Technology that mother Architecture, who belongs to her husband Time, manifests into existence in the Gothic era such that Mankind can learn to love himself as he is dependent on her for self-esteem and confidence. Creation, who is portrayed in previous books as smart, caring, compassionate and slightly aloof struggles with peer pressure and as a result is not taken to argumentative struggles as with Architecture Gothic who is the daughter of Time and Religion in all bar name. She rebels in youth and as a result struggles to find herself until the day on the beach when she meets her own love, of which she has already seen an instrumental vision of the future through use of all Constructs, the lower houses, and Idea's, the servants of the lower houses. This multi-tiered world which incorporates the use of language in order to explain the ills of society also manifests itself with the limited idea of matrimonious Communion Ceremonious, as conducted by Father Communion Ceremonious.

Whilst some of the topics as mentioned in this and every other book, the nature of the breakdown of the idea of War and of Peace, who are an entity overshadowed by the role within this society of Engineering, who manifests himself in all things with a view to providing for his family and attempting to

change the mind of his ruler such that they might attempt to save their shared home, Corporeal Time Absolute, which is a Temporal and multidimensional infrastructure led Hierarchy of Constructs, Procedure and Processes as well as the synthesis of dynamic and inflexible concepts such as the marriage of Science to Technology, heralded as the perfect Ideal.

Whilst it is forbidden in the Quantum Ideal of the land to commit suicide, akin to regicide in the modern age; it is still possible to do, and as a result, it leads to the darkening and saddening of a world that has so much potential and opportunity for the reader to immerse themselves in a society that whilst wholly fictitious is food designed to help the avid reader and the child look at major problems within society with an out of the box attitude. Such ideas as a construct, the Virtues who are a sort of group of angels that evolved over time with the foundation of the land Corporeal Time Absolute and then were destroyed, having founded the laws of the land which, when they are combined become the Quantum Ideal. That is the Laws of Architecture, Academia, Economics, Religion and Aesthetic.

Within these Laws, the Virtues create the Temples by the Temporal Stream dedicated to their own, selfish and selfless honour, in which they forsake the very people they are there to serve, forgetting Mankind (due to the ruler Incorporeal, Time being able to see all of time and history, but being outside of the very same physical fabric of space and time, hence his ability to surround individuals and predict his enemies movements whilst being everywhere and nowhere, imprisoned as with a curse of his own volition by his servants and subjects; Engineering, Science, Manufacturing and Engineering – of whom we will discuss at length).

Time and Religion Inconsolably Lost

When Religion hears of her son Mankind in anterior, and in posterior (in the Beginning, in the first age of Corporeal Time Absolute founded at the very beginning of all things, predating even Matter and Space; and, in the End, the last epoch in which Time upon being crowned is ÆÖÇr – the king of an Empire of Time which is inherently bound into the very fabric of space) she is unable to contain the negative emotion, an outpouring of which causes a House of Constructs to be founded that do not contain Virtues (Constructs of the Noble elements of Character. Subsidiary characters include Processes, of which Time is consumed and surrounded by, the very fluid with which time operates, allowing him and Religion to construct Idea's, the vehicles that motion between the land of Man and the land of the ÆÖÇr which in turn is a way of communicating or communing without the need to turn to Father Communion Ceremonious.

The significance of the Four ages of Time allow the reader to witness the formation of maturity in the mind of Time, who is born just after the Dark Ages in which the universe is still filled with the radiation of his birth. Engineering,

consumed with envy and an unquenching thirst for power begins a series of events that culminates in complete and total annihilation of the ÆÖÇr known as Principle Technique, for he is a Virtue of sorts and leader of all five Houses of the Virtues.

Upon his eventual abdication due to corruption, Principle Technique is turned to Liquid and mass produced by the tyrant employing Science and using all the ÆÖÇr at his disposal, bar Time, who is able to see the past, present and future from his Incorporeal prison, despite his ability to become Corporeal, he no longer wishes to have any thing to do with the world he must rule. As such Engineering concocts a plan to share the power of the ÆÖÇr without his knowledge, causing him to cast his son Mankind out of their people, more for his protection from the coming scenes of the Flood misunderstood in the first instance (if you can travel through time more than once, your first time living a nightmarish dream of Utopia and Dystopia revolves around social constructs such as your senses, perception of the same senses allowing the individual to move between the Darkness and the Light of characters such as Aesthetics two daughters Porteous (Portia, also referred to as Death, due to her consumption of all things in the hopes that she will regain something she fears lost, by consuming all at the cost of her own subjects and people(s) of her House).

The fractured lens of Lucia (Lutious, also referred to as Apocalypse is the gears of the warfare that has not ensued. She attempts to take the war between the ÆÖÇr to the land of men, where Religion hid unbeknownst to anyone, bar Civilisation, with a view to protecting her child from the harm her husband has seen coming to all sentient life, even the ÆÖÇr).

Mankind: Betrayal by his Father time

Upon attempting to gain the essence of Femininity, he becomes Effeminate, containing the substance of a subject, another forsaken duty of which, Mankind's role within this civilisation is to serve the lowly and the humble by repeating the message of his Mother throughout the entirety of the kingdom. As with the pressures faced by Mankind, his sister equally, Architecture, formerly Architecture Gothic, wife of Science and mother of Ariel becomes a darker version of herself before she, like the rest of ÆÖÇr, discovers that the reset button that Time holds is part of his reflection, the Corporeal Amon, who does not exist. Allowing time to be everywhere, Corporeal and outside of all of time and space, like having a hologram live your duty, without having to step out of the prison you create in the mind.

Ultimately, on the eve of warfare, the rise of Constance, Construct of Peace and War culminates in a questioning Time and Science, his son in law who is unawares as to the role of ÆÖÇr apparent, the future coronation of his wife. The hidden subtext of the Noble and Virtuous Household is neither a permanent conclusion, nor likely to affect the resulting fallout of the war

between Mankind and the ÆÖÇr upon the Floods invitation to Mankind, to join him amongst the stars.

Creation poisons Mankind in his youth with her essence in the hopes that he will love her back, but instead, she creates a monster out of the duality at the core of all ÆÖÇr. Meaning The flood of Toxicity within the atmosphere of a man betrayed by his family, his kingdom its his people leaves him seething with anger and rage at the rejection of his future reign beside his father and mother.

The blueprint Management

The blueprint Management as consumed by the young daughter of Architecture, a blueprint for a new Construct-Idea-Process-House inhabitant with a view to creating a one stop solution to the problems of a flawed universe creates Ariel as she is, was and will be. This is a result of the idea that String theory, the unifying theory of Scientific hypothetical and Mathematical Logic as a means of travelling on the crest of a wave of time, with its oscillations and peaks and troughs is limited only by the fact that Science Senior is not Time. Neither is Science, but with the greatest breakthroughs and analyses of an idea, comes the thought of something that is both tangible and real, both known to be real and understood to be real despite the opposite being the case. Descartes, Galileo, Newton, Einstein even through to Aristotle had that one thing that all human beings share. Our ability to get things wrong. Despite all of us within the human family being over achievers in some respect within our lives (understanding the – Multiphase Multiverse Interceptor: book of Arrogance and Ego in which Arrogance and Ego are the characters that are retelling the stories, poems and lines within the book, with each book being written by a different character within the multiphase Multiverse multiple universes), we all get things wrong, even Jesus Christ who in the Christian faith is known to be the Song of God and said to be perfect in all things, is known as a prophet in Islam, which is where the ideas of Race and their unity with the twinned Construct/Idea of Language.

The characters in the world of the ÆÖÇr are matured through a process called Transference where matter, energy and knowledge are constructed through the instructions and logic Memories as Ideas and Constructs that bridge the gap between the Upper and Lower echelons of a society in Revolt, consuming itself to destruction and testing itself by Force where necessary in the interests of public safety.

Engineering, bringer of ill, former Magistrate Corporeal

Starts off noble and with the best intentions, but with absolute power, comes absolute corruption in which no one man is the good they see, when there are other corrupting and corruptible influences within the world. Many of the characters are Female because Mankind unshackles Femininity, becoming

Effeminate in the End (the end of this universe, only for the whole process to begin again due to the Quantum temporal implosion caused in error by Imperator, who is wiping out Humanity with a view to curing them of the Flood). A twisted logic for a twisted age of machine warfare.

The question I was asking with Imperator character was, *can a machine, built to protect its master, turn on its master 'if it has not been programmed in that manner; like a mobile phone choosing to phone all your friends and tell them your deepest darkest secrets for no reason other than the fact that it is a phone as opposed to a person, conscious of their actions and behaviours.'* due to the fact that in the modern world we as human beings live an existence where technology, food, consumption of goods and products become subservient to the will of consumption of products (ever heard someone say, I have an addictive personality and wondered what that means).

Portia known as Death

More enthralling than an entity with time machine at its command (Engineering, betrayer of Time and Man, Religion and all things, Corrupter of his own Delilah in the form of Constance, who's only wish is to redefine the role of ÆÖÇr, and who ultimately leads to the destruction of all things, until Time removes the Veil between Life and Death to show Engineering the Love that has been hidden - his Death by Execution). She is hungry, always.

Lucia known as Apocalypse

The twin sister of Apocalypse, her name is Lucia Devinous and she chose the name Apocalypse (as opposed to a given name for the *talent* she has for destroying Civilisation and mankind and all things).

The Hidden face of Death Devine

Death kills stuff, things, plants, people, languages, cultures, energy, lights, stars, places that have not even been discovered, atmospheres, temperature, pressure, sound even and the list academic, including economy, politics, science, art, history, life and the existence we favour as people of leisure in the laissez faire society of modernity, all of it Dies at some point. I don't mourn, I wallow in self pity, so as not to mourn. Smile, remember and never forget Hope and Faith, lanterns in the dark.

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